

A MERRY
X'MAS —

AND A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR
FOR
EVERYBODY.

PERCY and FERDIE

by H. A. MacGILL

(For the daily doings of Percy and Ferdie see THE SUN every evening)

From Last Indications. It Looks Like Turkey!

X'MAS EVE.

FROM ALL INDICATIONS,
OUR ONLY HOPE FOR A
X'MAS DINNER WILL
BE THROUGH THE
SALVATION ARMY.

WE HAVEN'T COME
TO THAT YET! LET'S
PHONE THE GIRLS.
THEY MAY HAVE
SOMETHING TO
OFFER.

THE RITZ? MISS MILLIONBUCKS,
PLEASE. WHAT? WON'T BE
BACK 'TILL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS?

JUST OUR
LUCK!

SOME OF OUR OTHER FRIENDS MAY BE
AMONG THE NEW ARRIVALS. HA!
"MR. & MRS. GOTCUSH." THEY MAY SAVE
US FROM THE
BREADLINE.

NO? MR. & MRS. GOTCUSH
ARE SPENDING X'MAS OUT
AT LORD BILLSTICKER'S
PLACE.

MISS SPONDOLIX AS I LIVE!
THIS IS INDEED A
PLEASANT SURPRISE!
A MERRY
X'MAS TO
YOU.

YES, BUT FOR A PREVIOUS
ENGAGEMENT WE'D LOVE
TO HAVE YOU DINE WITH US
TO-MORROW.

X'MAS A.M.

NOW
WHAT?

WE'VE A STANDING INVITATION TO
VISIT THE DOLBYS. THEY'VE ONLY
A MODEST HOME OUT BEYOND
EPSOM HEATH. IT'S A CASE OF
"ANY PORT IN A STORM" NOW.
LET'S GO!

LATER

GEE,
FERD,
NOBODY'S
HOME!

BLAH! IF ANYONE SAYS
"MERRY X'MAS TO ME
TO-DAY, I'LL PULVERIZE
'EM!"

WHAT— —?

GOBBLE—
GOBBLE!!

ATTA
BOY!

NOW WE'VE GOT A TURKEY,
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?
CAN THIS BE THE
OWNER
COMING
NOW?

JUST AS I WAS
READY TO GIVE
'IM TH' AX
'E FLEW
H'OVER TH'
FENCE!

AND IN ANOTHER JIFFY
HE'D HAVE ESCAPED
INTO THE UNDERBRUSH.

THIS SHOULD
ENTITLE US TO A
SEAT AROUND
YOUR FESTIVE
BOARD—YES?

A MERRY X'MAS
TO OUR HOST
AND HOSTESS!

AND TO HIS
CHARMING
FAMILY!